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Title: Rooster Cogburn Story

Author: Rachel  
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The name is one of  
strength, a true warrior  
and a Champion. But I  
guess I had better start  
at the beginning of how  
he came to be. Back in  
those days I was a  
greedy tamer. Taking all I

wanted and never given a  
thought as to where it  
came from or the lives I  
had destroyed to gain my  
purse full of gold. Until  
that fateful day, that is.  
It started out as a  
regular day like so many

before. I got up early to  
get a good spot for the  
dragon spawn. My trusted  
pets no longer needed the  
command to attack and  
guard me, as they knew  
their place. One by one  
the huge red and brown

dragons would spawn only  
to be cut down quickly by  
my trained killers. About  
midday the spawn had  
slowed a bit, given me  
time to take a small  
break in the back of the  
dungeon room. I opened

my pack and removed a  
flask with some "elixir" to  
knock the dampness from  
my bones. There beside  
me, spawned a magnificent  
golden dragon. It turned  
its head towards me and  
asked," What evil has my

race caused you that  
makes you slaughter us?"  
But before I could utter

a response, my pets  
attacked it. I called them  
off but it was too late.  
She was all but gone. I  
ran up to her and knelt

beside her to ask what  
she meant. Her breath  
going ragged, her heart  
beating slower. She raised  
her head and muttered  
some words in  
Dragon that I did not  
understand. Lights flashed

like lightning thunder  
echoed throughout the  
cave then a glowing orb  
appeared in her claws. In  
her final breath she  
told me that she had put  
a curse on me and the  
only way to free myself

from it was to care for  
and raise her un-hatched  
kin. Her head fell to the  
dungeon floor with a  
thump as her claws  
opened up slightly and the  
glowing orb rolled out. I  
sat and stared at it, not

knowing what I should do.  
After some time I  
gathered the orb in my  
pack and decided to head  
back to town, to ask the  
local wizard for some  
advice.  
At the edge of town,

high on a hill was the  
eerie home of our local  
mage. Most of the  
towns' people were afraid  
of the old man. I only  
recall seeing him out of  
that old house once or  
twice in my whole life. I

walked up the stone  
walkway to the door,  
lightly knocked. The door  
flew open with a wild  
haired man shouting, "Who  
dare disturbs me?" I  
would have run out of

there in a flash, had my

feet remembered to move.  
I stuttered and  
stammered searching my  
mind for the words to  
tell him what I needed.  
He stood there looking at  
me like i was a two-toed  
monkey at the circus. I

simply pulled the glowing  
orb from my pack and  
held it for him to see.  
Now it was his turn to  
be shocked. He quickly  
covered my hands and  
near drug me inside his  
house. With a quick slam

of the door and a flick  
of the lock he swished  
around back at me. I  
didn't know whether to  
be scared or relish in his  
own state of chaos. He  
took my hands in his and  
slowly opened them to

look  
once more at the orb. He  
asked if I knew what I  
had and I relayed the  
whole days events leading  
up to me arriving at his  
door. He told me I should  
not to take the dragons

curse lightly. I needed to  
be very careful, to do  
just as she had asked.  
To raise and care for  
this draglett. And most  
importantly we needed to  
disguise him so he  
wouldn't be hunted by

the many hunters, just  
like myself. I would need  
to train it to be aware  
that humans would try to  
kill him. The wizard  
started rummaging  
through the many books  
piled in a heap on a big

wooden table. Digging and  
throwing he finally found

what he was looking for.  
In a rolled up parchment,  
he began to unroll and  
chant the ancient words  
written upon it. It had  
been a spell of

protection. He rummaged  
some more and found one  
that would ensure that  
the beast within the orb  
would bond with me upon  
it entry into this world.  
As it was cast upon us.  
Now he rummaged through

vials and canisters full of  
things I did not recognize.  
He started mixing and  
grinding these things all  
together and heating them  
over a small flame. Green  
stuff, black stuff and  
some stuff I can't

describe, all thrown into  
the mixture. He stirred  
and stirred at the  
mixture till he said it  
was done and poured it  
on the orb. He told me  
that this potion would  
make the beast within

appear to everyone as a  
normal farm animal and  
that only we would see it  
for what it really was.  
He explained how to care  
for orb till it hatched  
then sent me on my way.  
Whisked out the door.

I took the orb home and  
did as the old mage had  
told me. Each day I would  
watch the orb, studying  
it, hoping to see  
something change. Each  
day was the same. I  
began to wonder if the

mage had damaged the  
orb with all his spells and  
concoctions that he had  
put on it that day. I  
began to think that I  
would fall victim to the

curse the dying dragon  
had put upon me.

\*Peep\*. Faint, but it  
was defiantly a peep. I  
gathered the orb up in  
my hands gently and  
listened closer. Silence. I  
thought maybe I had  
imagined it.\*peep\* there  
it was again. This time I

knew it was for real. The  
orb began to shake in my  
hands. Then with a flash  
like lighting, the orb  
vanished and a little  
draglette appeared in its  
place. Golden, just like  
his parent. I call it he,

but I know nothing of  
dragons, whether there is  
a difference or not...so I  
will go on calling it he. I  
need to take him to the  
mage, to see what I  
should do next. I gathered  
him up in a little box and

out the door we went.  
Sneaking around like I had  
just robbed the bank I  
avoided all the people on  
the streets. In and out  
of the alleys I crept. as  
I neared the door to the  
mages house, his maid

was coming out, on her  
way to do some shopping.  
She looked down and seen  
the little box I was  
carrying and asked what I  
had. I hadn't noticed but  
the little bugger had  
chewed a small hole in

the corner of the box  
and stuck his head  
through. as I tried to  
turn it away from her  
she seen it. I was waiting  
to the scream that would  
follow. But she just said  
she hoped this little

chicken was not gonna be

part of one of the  
mages experiments, and to  
have a nice day as she  
walked on. "A chicken..  
Rooster...Rooster Cogburn  
The name just fit  
him.

Each day we would work  
on his skills. Little by  
little they grew, as did  
our bond. I began taking  
him to dungeons, to fight  
the big stuff. We would  
enter the dungeon only to  
be laugh at by the upper

crust trainers. But I was  
proud of him and all he  
had became. Onward we  
marched, deeper into the  
dungeon. As the dark  
demons would spawn,  
Rooster would flog onto  
them killing them quickly.

A aid or two and he was  
waiting to dispatch the  
next demon back to the  
Hell that had spawned  
it.

The years have passed so  
fast since that time. Our  
adventurous days are

behind us now. We both  
long for the easier life.  
So maybe we will hit the  
Chicken fight circuit. It  
would be easy money and  
be home with a hot meal  
and soft cot each  
night.

So if you see a crazy  
tamer in a tough dungeon  
with a chicken in toe.  
Don't be afraid to say  
Hi. We will share the  
spawn and welcome the  
company.